

Of all the Court and Princes of my blood,
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
 Prophetically do forethinke thy fall
 Had I so lauish of my presence bene,
 So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheape to vulgar company,
 Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
 Had still kept loyall to possession,
 And left me in reputelesse banishment,
 A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.
 By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
 But like a Comet, I was wondred at,
 That men would tell their children, This is he:
 Others would say, Where, which is Bullingbrooke?
 And then I stole all curtesie from heaven,
 And drest my selfe in such humilitie,
 That I did plucke allegiance from mens hearts,
 Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouthes,
 Euen in the presence of the crowned King.
 Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,
 My presence like a robe pontificall,
 Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state
 Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
 And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.
 The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
 With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,
 Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
 Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,
 Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
 And gaue his countenance against his name
 To laugh at gibling boyes, and stand the push
 Of euery beardless vaine comparatiue,
 Grew a companion to the common streetes,
 Enscost himselfe to popularitie,
 That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
 They surferred with hony, and began to loath
 The taste of sweetenesse, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seene,
 He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
 Heard, not regarded: seene, but with such eyes
 As sicke and blunted with communitie,
 Affoord no extraordinarie gaze.
 Such as is bent on Sun-like Maiestie,
 When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,
 But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
 Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
 As cloudy men vse to doe to their aduersaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,
 For, thou hast lost thy princely priuiledge,
 With vile participation. Not an eye,
 But is aweary of thy common sight,
 Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
 Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
 Make blinde it selfe with foolish tenderesse.

Prim. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
 Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world,
 As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,
 When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh,
 And euen as I was then, is Percy now:
 Now, by my scepter, and my soule to boote,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state,
 Then thou, the shadow of succession.
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fieldes with harnesse in the Realme,
 Turns head against the Lyons armed iawes,
 And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
 Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Bishops on
 To bloody battels, and to bruising armes.
 What neuer dying honour hath he got,
 Against renowned Dowglas? Whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in armes,
 Holds from all souldier: chiefe maioritie,
 And militarie title capitall